

THE LADY'S  
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

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[NUMBER XLII.]

ALBERTUS;  
OR, THE INGRATE.

(Concluded.)

"HIS head!" repeated Mr. Clements, in an emphatic accent; "his heart, I believe, has received an injury beyond your skill, Doctor, to cure, unless it is as callous as the marble which covers his poor uncle's bones!" "What do you mean?" said Herbert, extending his eyes with astonishment; "Do, for heaven's sake, explain yourself! It is not from idle curiosity that I require it, but there is something very extraordinary in the appearance of that young man." "He must possess an extraordinary degree of callousity and assurance, or he would never again have dared to show his face in this part of the world; but I forgot, my dear fellow, that you came into the neighbourhood after the melancholy event I allude to had occurred: I will, however, briefly relate it, and you will then be able to form an opinion whether I judge harshly, or not.

"This Albertus, this unworthy son of the respectable Albert, was brought up by an uncle, my most intimate friend, and cherished by him with as much affection, as if he had been his own child. Oh the base viper, to sting the breast that fostered him! But I will not suffer my indignation to interrupt my tale. No expense was spared upon this miscreant's education: and externally he was a perfect gentleman; but internally a fiend—blackier than Eve's seducer—an ingrate, a monster, that ought not to be suffered to exist upon the earth! This specious

villain, as a mere youth, was guilty of vices which would have put manhood to the blush: yet, to these, his too partial protector was for a length of time blind, until they became so completely glaring, that they could no longer escape his eyes. His fortune was large, and he had left the greatest part of it to this young profligate; but, upon being made acquainted with his vices and extravagance, he threatened to alter his will:—fatal threat! incautious declaration! for it doubtless was the means of shortening his days!

"A friendship had long subsisted between Albertus and a man of the name of Jackson." Herbert started at the bare sound. "What ails thee, man?" said Clements, perceiving his agitation. "Nothing; nothing, Sir; but I beseech you to proceed." "Well, a friendship, then, as I observed, had taken root between these two rascals; or I should rather have said, an infernal league. Jackson, however, had intrusted him with a specific for depriving three or four little embryos of life; and the mother of one, doubtless, fell a sacrifice to their chemical art; but peace to her remains! It was not intended slaughter; and God forbid that I should accuse the wretch of unintentional crimes! One murder is enough for the conscience of any man; and that even rests upon surmise. But I have sworn—I have called my Maker to witness my decided resolution of fathoming the deed, if ever the suspected person came to England; and I only heard of his arrival late last night."

"But, my dear sir, what grounds have you for suspicion?" inquired Herbert. "Peace, man!" replied his companion,

"and hear the conclusion of my tale. My poor friend, as I observed, had incautiously mentioned his resolution of making some alteration in his will, and had requested me to meet Davisson, the attorney, on the following afternoon. I spent the last evening of his existence with him, and lucky it was that it did not prove the last of my own; for Albertus mixed our punch in different goblets: his uncle (I well remember) complained that his was too strong, and desired his nephew to taste it, which he sparingly did: saying, 'No, my dear Sir, it only wants a little more sugar, and it will make you sleep.' Prophetic proved the declaration, for an unconquerable drowsiness soon overcame my friend, and as we were in habits of the greatest intimacy, he unceremoniously said he would retire. My hat and stick were eagerly brought me by Albertus, who seemed anxious to get me out of the house: and the first thing I heard on the following morning was, that Fernando had been found dead in his bed.

"I demanded to see the body, but was told by its executioner. (for in such a light I shall ever consider Albert's son) that it had been his uncle's request, during his life time, never to have his form exposed; and recollecting this circumstance, I did not press my request."

"But surely, my dear Sir, there is no substantial reason for supposing the young man accessory to his uncle's death? At least it does not strike me that the circumstances you have related have any appearance of guilt."

"Neither did they me, at the moment," replied Clements, "or I would have seen

the body, in spite of ten thousand such friends. No, no, it was from some incautious words dropped by Jackson, that suspicion took its rise, and from a small paper of hellebore which was found in a drawer. God forgive me if I judge rashly, you know what a villainous character Jackson bears; yet, since he left the spot, I have had emissaries to watch his movements, who, at my instigation, have endeavoured to detect him unawares; and he once went so far as to say, Albertus dare never again return to England, for that if he did, he would be in danger of his life.

'Delicacy to the feelings of the worthy Albert has hitherto prevented me from disclosing my suspicions; but the love I bear to the memory of my deceased friend, induces me to form the resolution of probing the whole transaction to the quick; and I have now been consulting my attorney, who advises me to obtain a warrant for the apprehension of Jackson, who, if my conjectures are right, will of course turn king's evidence, when every circumstance must come out.'

Mr. Herbert had listened to this recital with a variety of emotions: Albert had been one of his sincerest friends; he therefore asked his own heart, whether he should not be guilty of an act of ingratitude, if his testimony tended to criminate his only son. But then, the crime of murder! and under such aggravated circumstances! was there not villainy in the bare idea of trying to have it concealed? The force of this thought operated so powerfully, that he related to Mr. Clements all he had heard and seen. Strong as had been that worthy man's suspicions, yet his heart trembled for the feelings of poor Albert, at hearing what he considered positive proof: he intreated Herbert to accompany him to his attorney's, to whom he again repeated the same account: and after conversing some time together, Clements declared his resolution of calling upon Albertus, and hinting the suspicions to which the sudden death

of his uncle had given rise, without glancing towards the suspected person, or expressing his own ideas.

Whilst this attached friend to the memory of the departed Fernando was forming this resolution, the active mind of Albertus was endeavouring to frame a plausible excuse to his father for suddenly quitting the abode of his infancy, which, the moment his ideas became collected, he resolved immediately to do; he therefore summoned Duval into his presence, informing him he must copy a letter, and then deliver it to him, pretending it came by the post; 'for (said he) I would not pass another day in this dreary mansion, if any body would give me ten thousand pounds; though I must make a plausible excuse to my father for so suddenly quitting his roof.'

Duval, who was a true Frenchman, had been inspired with the horrors at his first entrance into the house, and was delighted at the prospect of going to London; yet he represented the impropriety of his master's travelling, after losing so much blood. Though in obedience to the commands of his superior, he copied a letter, stating that a banking house, in which he had lodged a large sum of money, had unexpectedly failed. Scarcely had this faithful secretary obeyed his orders, and taken his stand, as directed, in the avenue, to wait the arrival of the post, when the name of an unwelcome visitant was unceremoniously announced; and Mr. Clements, aware that he should be refused admission, followed the servant's steps so closely, that denial would have been vain.

The first letter Albertus received from his father, after his quitting England, had mentioned Clements as being at the point of death; and as his name had not been mentioned in the conversation the preceding evening, he concluded that he had long since been numbered with the dead; and had he seen the spectre of his murdered uncle appear before him, he could

scarcely have been seized with a stronger emotion of surprise. Adept as he was, in the art of hypocrisy, yet he expressed the satisfaction he felt at seeing Clements, in such embarrassed terms, that a mere novice in the art of penetration, would have perceived that his feelings were completely opposite to his words.

"I scarcely expected, young gentleman, (for so I must still call you,)" replied Clements, "ever to have seen you again in this part of the world; but your presence, I trust, will confute the innuendos thrown out by that villain, Jackson, who boldly asserted you never dare return." As Mr. Clements said this, he fixed his scrutinizing eyes upon Albertus, whose countenance was first suffused with a glow of crimson, then as suddenly, became deadly white. "Not dare return!" he at length faltered. "Yes; not dare return to England Sir; do I speak plain?" "Plain, but not intelligible, Mr. Clements," replied Albertus; finding that both his honour and existence depended upon a master stroke, and therefore making a bold effort to conquer that trepidation, which, at the very moment, almost paralysed his nerves.

"Then I will speak intelligibly, if I can," rejoined Clements, "and ask whether you are acquainted with the qualities of hellebore? a stupifying drug, I have heard it is, that without exposing infamy and ingratitude, sends those whose fortunes a man is eager to acquire possession of, into a quiet sleep."

"Death and damnation!" exclaimed Albertus, rushing out of the apartment, as he articulated the horrid words; and flying into an adjoining one, in which were placed his holsters, and his travelling trunks. Clements arose no less hastily, and was in the act of pursuing the fugitive, when the sound of a pistol arrested his footsteps, and completely checked his speed. He paused, unable to move: Albert, at that instant, flew with the rapidity of lightning up stairs, and rushing into the apartment where he



had left his son writing, exclaimed, in terrified accents, "Where is my boy!"

Over the scene which followed, description must draw a curtain! Futile would be all attempts to paint the horrors of a parent's mind, restored but a few hours before to the society of a son on whom he doted—yet who, from the impulse of remorse, had deprived himself of life!

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

*Extracts from the*  
"MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE."

*(Concluded.)*

ATTEMPTING gracefully to hand a plate to a lady, which is almost red hot, from the plate warmer.

The sensations of a prudish tabby, who at an inn having undressed herself, upon stepping into bed, discovers it previously occupied by a vulgar countryman, wide awake.

Being obliged to sit out the squalling of a silly great tasteless school girl, the mother of whom thinks she sings to admiration.

Stepping with grace, and incautiously treading upon a cat's tail.

An officious person always telling you in the name of friendship, of every little gossiping story which he hears to your disadvantage.

Constantly interrupted in your disposition to sleep all night in the mail, by the unceasing interrogation of a garrulous old lady.

Having weak nerves, and hearing that a tinman has taken the next house to yours.

Sending your servant four miles to borrow a book, which you are very anxious

to read, and after waiting at home nearly all the morning for it, seeing him return without it.

Being reminded every now and then by an old friend of a part of your history, which you would wish to forget.

In snuffing the candle, catching the wick too low, and pulling the candle from the socket.

Dropping fast asleep at a crowded botanical lecture, and suddenly springing up from the effect of a frightful dream, and finding a constellation of eyes fixed upon you.

Passionately fond of the fashions, and being obliged from prudential reasons to dress very plain to please an avaricious old uncle, with whom you come in contact generally four times a week.

Cold day, getting a chair by the fire at dinner, politely offering it to a gentleman, who has a violent cold, and having it accepted.

To be obliged frequently to meet in company a man, who opposes every remark, for the purpose of starting an argument, in which he is always more vociferous than convincing.

A first interview between a shy and reserved man, and one rather more shy and reserved.

Walking in great haste, in a hot day and feeling two or three angular atoms of gravel in your tight boot.

After a shower, sinking up to your ankles in mould, to gather a rose at the request of a favourite lady.

Being obliged to attend to a puppy, who has an astonishing flow of words, without any ideas.

Seeing your dirty dog put his forepaws upon a crabbed lady's white muslin gown.

# *SINGULAR* ANECDOTE OF A SPANIARD.

A SPANISH gentleman, who had but one eye, used frequently to attend a tennis-court, whenever any match of skill was played there. One day the ball was so violently struck against the other eye, as in a moment to deprive him of the use of it. He bowed to the company; and, without apparent emotion, left the court, saying "Buenas noches!" Good night, gentlemen.

## *A SINGULAR DECREE.*

AULUS Gellius, in his "Attic Nights," book xii. chap. 7, borrows the following story from Valerius Maximus, chap. xiv. book 8. A lady of Smyrna, enraged at her husband and son, for having put to death a son of hers, by a former marriage, a youth of great promise, poisoned both the murderers. The lady was convicted of the crime, and pleaded her cause as well as she could. Cn. Dolabella, (who was then Pro-consul in Asia, and before whom the case was brought) unwilling to acquit a woman of two crimes which she had fully confessed, and at the same time loath to condemn a mother who avenged the murder of her son, transmitted the decision to the court of Areopagus. The judges, sympathising with the embarrassment of Dolabella, decreed, that "The prosecutor and culprit should appear before them again, at the end of one hundred years, and then judgment should be passed on the criminal."

JUSTICE.—From such a base caricature of justice, I turn my eyes with horror. I turn them here to this dignified and high tribunal where the majesty of real justice sits enthroned. Here I perceive her in her proper robes of truth and mercy, chaste and simple, accessible and patient, awful without severity, inquisitive without meanness; her loveliest attribute appears in stooping to raise the oppressed, and to bind up the wounds of the afflicted.

*Sheridan.*

*Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.*

# CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

FROM  
GOETHE'S WILLIAM MEISTER'S AP-  
PRENTICESHIP.

YOU know the incomparable play of Hamlet. You received the greatest pleasure on hearing it read at the castle. We intended to act it; and I, not knowing what I did, undertook the part of Hamlet. I imagined that I was studying it, when I began to get by heart the strongest passages, the soliloquies, and those scenes in which the powers have full play; where the perturbed mind can vent itself in affecting sentiments, I tho't that I entered fully into the spirit of the part, by taking on myself the load of deep melancholy, and under its pressure, following my original through his labyrinth of humours and peculiarities. Thus I went on practising, in the conceit of becoming more and more identified with my hero.

However, the farther I proceeded, the more difficult I found the comprehension of the whole. At length, it appeared quite impossible to attain any distinct view. I now went through the piece without interruption, and then, alas! I found much that would not fit me. Sometimes the characters, sometimes the expressions, seemed contradictory; and I almost despaired of finding a tone in which to perform the whole part, with its eccentricities and shades. In this perplexity, I went on for some time, till, at length, I hoped to reach my end by a very peculiar path.

I hunted out every vestige of the character of Hamlet previously to his father's death. I observed what this interesting youth had been, independently of that melancholy event, and of the subsequent shocking occurrences, and what he probably would have been without them.

Delicate and stately advanced the royal

scion under the immediate influence of majesty. The idea of what is just, and of the highest dignity; the feeling of what is good and becoming, and of his own high birth; unfolded themselves together in his mind. Born to sovereignty, he wished to reign only that the good might practise their virtues unmolested. Of an agreeable form, of a benevolent heart, and of a virtuous disposition, he *was* the pattern of youth, and was destined to *become* the delight of mankind.

Without any predominant passion, in his love to Ophelia, he but anticipated the sweetest feelings of his nature. His ardour for knightly sports was not entirely original. It was necessary to strengthen this propensity by bestowing praise on another. His unsophisticated feelings enabled him to recognise the upright; and he knew how to value the repose which a sincere mind enjoys on the bosom of a friend. To a certain point he could estimate the good and fair in art and science. What was absurd, disgusted him; and if hatred could exist in so humane a mind, it was only strong enough to despise and to sport with light and hollow courtiers. He was temperate in his feelings, and simple in his demeanor, not self-approving in idleness, nor eager for occupation. He seemed to keep up at court a fashion of academical lounging. He had more merriment of humour than of heart; was a good companion, full of deference, modesty, and attention. He could forgive and forget an injury, but could never consort with the man who overstepped the bounds which justice, goodness, and propriety, would observe.

Conceive such a prince as I have painted, losing his father unexpectedly. Ambition, and the love of sway, are not his ruling passions. He would be well contented in being *the son* of a king:—but he is now, for the first time, obliged to remark the distance that separates the sovereign and the subject. The right to the crown was not then hereditary in Denmark: yet, had his father lived long:

er, his hopes would have been confirmed, and his expectations secured. Now, in spite of plausible professions, he sees himself, perhaps for ever, excluded by his uncle. He feels himself poor in favour and in possessions, and a stranger to that which, in his youth, he could consider as his own property. Hence his mind takes its first melancholy tint. He feels that he is no more than any other nobleman, nay, not so much; he gives himself out for every body's servant:—it is not politeness, it is not condescension, but dejection and penury.

To his former situation he looks back as to a vanished dream. In vain does his uncle encourage him; in vain would he persuade him to view his state in a different light. The sense of his nothingness never forsakes him.

The second stroke bowed him lower, and wounded him more deeply. It was his mother's marriage. He had lost a father; but to the faithful and affectionate son, a mother was yet left. He hoped, in society with the noble parent who remained, to have cultivated the memory of the illustrious departed:—but he loses also his mother; and loses her in a way much more cruel than if he had been robbed of her by death.

Now, for the first time, he feels himself completely humbled; now completely forlorn. No good fortune can restore what he has lost. Conceive this young man, this prince. Make his situation present to you; and then observe him when he learns that his father's shade appears. Attend him on the dreadful night when the venerable spirit himself, is visible to him. He is seized by profound horror; he addresses the miraculous form; sees it beckon him; follows, and hearkens. The most dreadful charge against the uncle thunders in his ear—he is summoned to take vengeance—and this urgent request is repeatedly addressed to him!—*Remember me!*—When the ghost disappears, whom do we find standing before us? Is it a young hero breath-



ing revenge?—A prince born, who feels himself happy in being challenged to destroy the usurper of his throne?—No! Astonishment and sorrow overwhelm the lonely sufferer. He grows bitter against smiling villains: swears not to forget the departed: and finishes with the significant ejaculation,

“The time is out of joint; O cursed spight!  
“That ever I was born to set thee right?”

In these words, I think, we find the key to Hamlet's whole conduct. I am clear that Shakspeare designed to exhibit *a great deed imposed upon a mind which was not fitted for the commission.*

An amiable, pure, noble, and highly moral being sinks under a burden which it can neither support nor relinquish. Every duty is sacred; but this duty is too difficult. Impossibility is required of him; not what is impossible in itself, but that which to him is an impossibility. How he turns, writhes, retreats, advances; is ever reminded, ever reminding himself; and, at last, suffers his intention almost entirely to escape from his mind, without ever feeling relieved!

#### DISAPPOINTMENT AND HOPE.

THE morn of my life was cheerful as the singing of birds, and lovely as the opening of spring; not a cloud arose to mar its beauty, or obscure the bright sun of innocence and youth; every sense was gratified, every flower was sweet, and every rose without a thorn. Every kiss was a pledge of affection, and every friend was true. My cheeks were then blooming with health, and my eyes glistened with happiness. But, alas! the charm is broken, the scene is changed, the flowers have lost their fragrance, and on every rose I have found a thorn. Friends, who were dear, have departed, and nothing is left me, but the melancholy recollection of joys that are fled. Grief has stolen the rose from my cheek, and my eyes overflow with tears. But a little

while, and my sorrows will be over and forgotten; my heart strings, which are now touched with anguish, will then thrill with rapture: my friends which I have lost, will be restored, and our affection will be as pure and as lasting as the paradise which we shall inhabit. The lovely flowers, which are now withered and gone, will be revived with increased beauty; no more will the lily and the rose, when sparkling with the morning dew, be an emblem of sorrowing virtue; for every gale will waft happiness, and every zephyr fragrance.

#### PICTURE OF A WIFE.

THE wise Theognis told his countrymen that, that man was the richest and most happy, who had found an amiable and virtuous wife. Socrates, however, was of a very different opinion. A young man once consulted him to know whether he would advise him to marry or not; to whom Socrates thus replied, ‘Young man, whichever of the two evils you chuse, you will most certainly have cause for repentance. If you should prefer celibacy—you will be solitary on the earth, you will never enjoy the pleasures of a parent, with thee will perish thy race, and a stranger will succeed to thy property. If you marry, expect constant chagrin and quarrels without end. Your wife will be constantly reproaching you with the dower she brought thee; the pride of her parents, and the garulity of her mother, will become insupportable. The gallantries of your wife will torment you with jealousy, and you will have reason to doubt the father of your reputed children. Now, young man, divine if thou canst, and choose if thou darest.’ This anecdote of Socrates I give on the authority of Valerius Maximus. Socrates was probably suffering from the stings and arrows of outrageous Xantippe, he was writhing under the pangs of despised love, when the young man unfortunately went to ask his opinion, and therefore it

is not entitled to much respect. We agree with the wise Theognis, and acknowledge, that in the wide range of the bounties of heaven, there is no gift, bestowed on man, deserving so much thankfulness, as that of a good wife. But what do you call good? Here is the difficulty—this is the knot—this the perplexity. I cannot tell what you and other men would like, but know exactly what would please such a curious kind of being as myself. I would never marry for money; for contracts of bargain and sale in matters of matrimony, were invented by infernals for the deep damnation of man; they are legislations of wrong, and indentures of infamy. I should like well enough that my wife might be handsome, though this is a minor consideration; for real beauty is not to be found, and I care not to be hunting for it through city and country all the days of my life. The mild lustre of Phosphor is not seen in the faces of the daughters of Eve, and where is the being who sheds soft beams from her eye, like those of the planet of evening? Let her person have the form of elegance, and the sweetness of purity; her dress should be full of taste, and let her manners be those of a gentlewoman, for country simplicity is mere country awkwardness, and that I cannot away with. If her ancestors were not illustrious, I should hope that her family name might be respectable. Her disposition, I insist on this, must be gentle and soft, like the dew in the vallies of Languedoc; like the midnight music of romance from the battlements of Udolpho. She shall not be churlish, and peevish, and fretful, and scolding; but let her have good nature in full abundance, and kind words, looks, and smiles, plentiful and pleasant, as thick ripe wheat in autumn. Then her mind must be cultivated. This too is essential. She must love to read; she must be able to think, and have opinion of her own. I wish that she may relish the poets of England, love the morality of Johnson, the courtly sense of the Spectator, and that her soul may be attuned to the sweetest melody, by the wild warbling of the

bard of Avon. She should read and remember the historians of Great Britain, and know what may be easily known of her own country. Lastly, and above all, she must study her bible, be a christian, and reverence her God.

*Schenectady, August 1, 1807.*

**ANNIVERSARY OF COMMENCEMENT,  
JULY 29, 1807.**

The tenth Commencement, says the Editor of the Pastime, was celebrated on Wednesday, the 29th, with the usual dignity, order, and cheerfulness.

By the politeness of the members of the late senior class, we are enabled to avail ourselves of the copy of Dr. Nott's charge, which, by their solicitation, he yielded for the press. If our extracts have been copious, they are much less so than we could wish: and we regret that our readers cannot enjoy, sooner than the work can be published at large, the pleasure which we have received from perusing, and reperusing this eloquent address.

"It is not possible," says the President, "in the few moments allotted to this address to develope, or even hint at all those doctrines of faith, which demand your attention. Nor should I feel as if I had discharged the sacred duty which I owed you, had I left these to a hasty and meagre discussion in this place, and on this occasion. To furnish you with a complete summary of practical duty is also impossible. A glance only at a topic or two, is all that will be attempted. The real friend adapts his admonitions to the dangers which threaten, and shapes his cautions to the spirit of the times—the spirit of the times is a spirit of mutual injury, recrimination and revenge. In such an age, to hope to pass through life unassailed is vain. The only question is, therefore, how you are to sustain the assault; how treat the assailant?"

"Were the world to utter its voice in this place, it would tell you 'to be ever vigilant to discover causes of offence, quick in repelling and inexorable in re-

vengeing to the uttermost the slightest attack upon your person or your honour.' The gospel, however, adopts a different counsel, and in the bland accents of its author, inculcates forbearance and forgiveness.

"The crimes and miseries resulting from revenge, have been witnessed in every country, and regretted in every age. Philosophy in attempting to regulate, hath increased the evil. Christianity alone directs her weapons at its root, and aims at preventing the effects, by exterminating the principle."

After considering whether Revenge, is justifiable in a moral and religious view, the President proceeds:

"Far be it from me to wish to extinguish in your bosoms the genuine principles of honour. These spring up from the very seat of virtue, and where these are not, greatness disappears; probity, integrity, and valour, are no more. Rather let me inculcate high notions of personal character; let me foster a lofty sense of individual dignity, and adjure you scrupulously to avoid whatever would tend to stain the one or degrade the other: but let me tell you that it is but a sorry honour which requires to be established by a bludgeon, or vindicated by a shot.

"Personal bravery is commendable. You live not for yourselves, but for your friends, your country, your God. In a good cause you ought not to regard even life itself. On great occasions, and when the voice of public justice calls you, face danger, tread with undaunted step the field of death, covet the place of desolation, press your bosoms on the bayonets of your enemies, and be 'prodigal of your blood.' But in your own individual cause, in the little pious neglects and insults which may be offered you, be too great to feel them, too magnanimous to resent them.

"Shall you then desert your honour? No! defend it—scrupulously defend it.

How? By good life: by an uniform course of probity, integrity, and valour. Whenever you are accused, you will either be guilty or not. If guilty, an exchange of shots cannot expiate that guilt: If you are not guilty, the liar's tongue cannot make you so.

"What a magnanimous spectacle do those appellants, in cases of personal controversy, to the chancery of fire arms, furnish to the world! Not the battle of the windmills was half so bombastically magnificent!

"But to this belittling farce, there is appended a close, which stifles irony, and from which humanity turns away with horror. Suddenly the scene changes into the tragick pomp of death. The mania of passion subsides. The *etiquette* of honour is laid aside; the stream of life flowing from the wounded heart, quenches the fire of vengeance, and swallows up the injuries which produced a catastrophe so awful. Conscience now awakes: the fictitious drapery which custom had flung around the rash adventurer, falls off and the fell assassin stands, naked and aghast, over the expiring victim of his anger, a witness of that blood which issuing forth attaches to his person the stain of murder, and lifts from the steeped earth its accusing voice to the God of life. With the emotions of Cain imbrued in his brother's blood, he goes back into the world from the field of death. Here his eye meets the frantic stare of the wife, whom his wrath has made a widow. The plants of her hapless children whom he has doomed to perpetual orphanage, sigh upon the breeze, and linger on his ear! Whilst a distracted father shakes his grey locks, and utters from his quivering lips the deep toned execration on the wretch who has felled at a blow his hopes, and consigned to the grave, his son!

"From these sad objects he tears himself.—But, as if the tomb refused to repose the dust consigned to it by violence, the form of his fallen adversary



pursues him. He hears, amidst the silence of the midnight hour, a groan, and sees blood issuing from the wound which in his wrath he opened.

"And for what is this rash act indulged which drags in its train such accumulated horror! For an unguarded word—a turn of wit—the omission of a nod—or, perhaps, the fighting of a spaniel! Great God! and is this the boasted magnanimity of duellists? Sooner may my joints indurate in their sockets, or mine arm fall from my shoulder blade, than be raised in such an action."

We pass over other passages of this eloquent address, to transcribe the following:

"It is not the prostration of an enemy, but the forgiveness of him, that evinces a divine filiation, and connects to the noblest victory. Not perhaps the noblest in the estimation of partial friends, who, irritated by insult, wish to see you thrash an adversary—not in the estimation of men of honour, who account it magnanimous to avenge an injury. But are these the real judges of greatness? Or, are you influenced by the multitude? The pignies of a pigmean world who surround you, or the principalities, and powers, and thrones, and dominions, and all those nameless orders of perfect beings, who throng the heavens, and fill the universe of God! Behold the Thousands of Thousands who minister unto him, and the Ten Thousand times Ten Thousand, who stand before him! In the estimation of these just appraisers of things, which, think you, is deemed more Godlike—to forgive an injury, or to avenge it? Seeing, therefore, you are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside all malice, and that wrath that will so easily beset you; and on this article, as every other, look with steady eye, to JESUS CHRIST, the author, and finisher of your faith. Had he—(pardon, exalted mediator, pattern of perfection, this derogatory supposition, made with reverential awe, and to exalt thy clemency!)—Had he engaged in a single duel, or partaken

in one revengeful contest—but he did not. Whatever is endearing in goodness, or touching in mercy, collected in one assemblage, forms his character. A character on which arrogance has not cast a shade, or envy fixed a stain. A character, splendid with virtues which render poverty venerable, and humility august. That great exemplar of righteousness, the purity of whose life baffled the scrutiny of malice, and compelled that blood-stained wretch who often sported with the rights of innocence, to exclaim, "I find no fault in this man." How did he meet injuries, and what was his demeanour towards his enemies?

"Mark his entrance into Jerusalem, that city, blackened by crime, and steeped in the blood of martyrs. From the Mount of Olives it opened to his view. At this sad sight he wept. Wept, not over friends, but enemies—enemies who had rejected, vilified, persecuted him—and who were still waiting, with fiend-like impatience, to wreak their vengeance on his person, and quench their malice in his blood. Nor is this a solitary instance of benignity. Trace his paths from Bethlehem to Calvary, and you will find him every where meek, humble, long suffering. Surrounded by adversaries, and called to meet calumny, and even persecution, he supported his matchless clemency to the end, and left the world, *good above conception, great beyond comparison.*

"From the toils and trials of a distressing but perfect life, follow this illustrious personage to the place of death. Approach his cross, and fix your attention on the prodigies which signalise his sufferings, and stamp divinity on his martyrdom!—Think not that I allude to the terrific drapey which in that dread hour was flung around the great theatre of nature. No; 'tis not the darkened sun, the bursting tombs, the quaking mountains, or the trembling world that I allude to! These indeed, are prodigies; but these vanish before the still greater prodigies of meek-

ness, humility, and sin-forgiving goodness displayed in the dying saviour.—When I behold him amidst the last agonies of dissolving nature, raising his dying hands to heaven, and forgetful of himself, interceding with the God of Mercy, with his last breath, and from his very cross, in behalf of those wretches whose insatiate malice had fixed him there; then it is that the evidence of his claims rises to demonstration, and I feel the resistless force of that impassioned exclamation which burst from the lips of Infidelity itself—"If Socrates died as a philosopher, JESUS CHRIST died as a God!"

#### SATURDAY, AUGUST 15.

We learn from a respectable source, that the Narrows are to be immediately fortified. This determination will not only please the citizens at large, but will afford more complete security to our harbor, than if fortified in any other place. The Narrows can be made as strong, if not stronger, than any place in the world—and though it may cost a million or a million and a half of Dollars, it is nothing compared with the benefit which will result to the United States, and particularly to the growing commerce of this city.

*New-York Gazette.*

The City Inspector reports the death of seventy-seven persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

#### MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. John Johnston, to Miss Susan Rachel Barrick, both of this city.

On Friday evening, by the rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Charles Mais, jun. to Miss Mary Phillips.

At Troy, on Tuesday, Dr. Eliphalet Nott, President of Union College, to Mrs. Gertrude Tibbits.

At Albany, John I. Crolius, of this city, to Miss Angelica Marcus, of Albany.

On Wednesday morning, at St. John's church, by the right rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. John O'Kill, merchant, to Miss Mary Jay, only daughter of Sir James Jay.

#### DIED.

On Monday morning, Mr. Samuel Jayne. At Norwalk, Conn. Mrs. Mary Brinckerhoff, wife of Mr. C. Brinckerhoff, of this city.

At Coxsackie, Mr. Ezra Reed, aged 67.

Suddenly on Thursday morning, in the 44th year of his age, George Brewster, Esq.



Communicated for the Lady's Miscellany.

### HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

SHOULD you ask me, what female desert I require,

To relish the conjugal life ;  
Nor beauty, nor titles, nor wealth, I desire,  
To bias my choice in a wife.  
The charms of a face may occasion a sigh,  
The costly allurements of art  
May yield a short moment of joy to the eye,  
But give no delight to the Heart.

Would equipage, splendour, a noble descent,  
Bring comfort wherever they fall,  
Could these add a drop to the cup of content,  
I'd gladly partake of them all :  
But vain the assistance proud riches bestow,  
The raptures that beauty impart ;  
To soften the painful reflections of woe,  
Or banish distress from the Heart.

Then give me the temper, unclouded and gay,  
The countenance ever serene,  
To cheer with sweet converse, as youth wears away,  
And dissipate anger and spleen ;  
Whose smiles may endear and enliven the hours  
Retirement shall oft set apart,  
Whose virtues may soothe, when disquietude  
sours,  
And tenderness cherish the Heart.

For fortune, be honour her portion assign'd,  
For beauty, bright health's rosy bloom,  
Let justice and candour ennoble her mind,  
And cheerfulness sorrow consume.  
Thus form'd, would she share with me life's little store,

Its mixture of pleasure and smart,  
She'd even continue, till both were no more,  
The constant delight of my Heart.

### LOVE.

ALAS ! sweet Bard, I plainly see  
The truth of what thou say'st above,  
That herbs and spells can never free  
An aching heart from hopeless love.

When first I found his subtle dart  
Had pierc'd this tender heart of mine,  
I straight apply'd to ease the smart,  
To Bacchus, god of generous wine.

His jovial votaries oft I join'd,  
Their mad, tumultuous joys to share ;  
But wine, alas ! I quickly found  
Did but increase my anxious care.

Ah, dear Eliza, if thou e'er  
Hast seen me 'midst this frantic crew,  
Forgive my folly, and I swear  
To bid their noisy haunts adieu.

In rural sports I next engag'd,  
How oft o'er Chainwood's rugged rocks,  
With ardour and with glee I've chas'd  
The timid hare, or wily fox.

The ardour of the chase was o'er,  
The music of the hounds had ceas'd,  
In triumph home the brush I bore,  
But still I found my pain increas'd.

Despairing then to find relief  
In busy crowd, or silent shade,  
To ease my pain, and soothe my grief;  
To Cupid, god of Love, I pray'd.

The subtle urchin archly smil'd,  
Then laughing cry'd, my friend you're wrong,  
In Dian's train in vain you've toil'd,  
Or Bacchus join'd in jovial song.

Go to Eliza, there you'll find  
A balm to cure your aching heart ;  
Her converse sweet, and sense refin'd,  
Will ease and comfort soon impart.

And if she deign one smile to give,  
From her soft pensive azure eye,  
'Twill make your drooping heart revive,  
And fill your soul with heavenly joy.

### THE REMONSTRANCE.

(From a Lady, whose personal charms had been much impaired by the small-pox, accusing her former admirer of neglect.)

SOON as the glow of health return'd,  
My care-worn spirits to renew,

Again my faithful bosom burn'd  
With fond attachment, Charles, for you.

To blighting sickness long a prey,  
A feeble victim Mary lay ;  
Yet every thought, and sigh would be  
Upris'd to Heaven, in prayer for thee.

Then, when to meet my love I fly,  
Why droops thy head in silent woe ?  
— Ah ! love ne'er taught that mournful sigh  
Ah ! joy ne'er bade those tears to flow !

What sorrow can thy bosom bear,  
That Mary will not gladly share ?  
From Painful doubt then set me free,  
Nor wound a heart that doats on thee.

### THE REPLY.

That Mary to my soul was dear,  
Each look, each word, each action shew'd ;  
Nor did I doubt the flame sincere  
With which my ardent bosom glow'd.

Thy blooming cheek, thy sparkling eyes,  
Thy face, of every charm combin'd,  
First won—then taught me how to prize  
The equal beauties of thy mind.

But, ah ! the fatal storm was nigh,  
On that sweet face its power to wreak ;  
To chase the fire that fill'd thine eye,  
The rose that blossom'd on thy cheek.

The beauteous wreck with grief I view'd,  
That awed and chill'd my trembling frame ;  
And as the spark of love renew'd,  
A tear from PITY check'd the flame.

.....

### The Likeness incomplete.

Ned would liken himself to Achilles of old,  
I hope he'll admit of a single correction ;  
In his heel lay Achilles' danger we're told,  
Whilst Ned in his heels finds his only protection.

WHAT would be wanting to constitute felicity,  
if humanity was universally and entirely the "order of the day ?" Sin and misery would vanish from the earth !

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